

WE TWO.

We two make home of any place we go;
We two find joy in any kind of weather;
Or if the earth is clothed in bloom or snow,
If summer days invite, or bleak winds blow.

What matters it, if we two are together?
We two, we two, we make our world, our weather.

We two make banquets of the plainest fare;
In every cup we find the thrill of pleasure.

We hide with wreaths the furrowed brow of care,
And win to smiles the set lips of despair.

For us life always moves with lilt and measure;
We two, we two, we make our joy, our pleasure.

We two find youth renewed with every dawn;
Each day holds something of an unknown glory.

We waste no thought on grief or pleasure gone;
Tricked out like hope, time leads us on and on.

And thrums upon his harp new song or story,
We two, we two, we find the paths of glory.

We two make Heaven here on this little earth;
We do not need to wait for realms eternal.

We know the use of tears, know sorrow's worth,
And pain for us is always love's rebirth.

Our paths lead closely by the paths supernatural;
We two, we two, we live in love eternal.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Century.

THE STURGIS WAGER
A DETECTIVE STORY.By EDGAR MORETTE.
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CHAPTER IX.

THE KNICKERBOCKER BANK.

Richard Dunlap was a man who had never missed a train nor been late in keeping an appointment. On the morning following Sprague's dinner party, he walked briskly down Broadway from City Hall. It was New Year's day; the great thoroughfare was deserted. As he turned into Wall street, the hands of the clock in Trinity steeple pointed to three minutes of nine. The financier pulled out his chronometer, found that the clock in the old belfry was right, and quickened his pace.

Wall street slumbered peacefully and silently, like a battlefield after the roar of the cannon has been hushed, after the victors and the vanquished have disappeared, leaving behind them only the ghosts of the slain. The deathlike stillness was oppressive.

At last, as Dunlap reached the Knickerbocker bank, the clock in the belfry struck the hour. The reporter was not there. The banker uttered an ejaculation of annoyance. He looked up and down the street. There was no one in sight. He resolved to give Sturgis five minutes' grace, and began to pace back and forth before the entrance to the bank. Then a thought struck him. There was another entrance on Exchange place—that generally used by the employees and officers. Perhaps the reporter was waiting there. Dunlap walked around to Exchange place and glanced up the street. He saw a man standing in the gutter and bending low over the curb. Dunlap advanced to obtain a front view of him and recognized Sturgis. The reporter had not noticed his approach; he held a magnifying glass in his hand and seemed deeply interested in a minute examination of the smooth-worn curb.

"Good morning, Mr. Sturgis," said the banker, "have you lost something?"

The reporter looked up quietly.

"No, Mr. Dunlap; I have found something—something which may possibly prove to be a hyphen."

"A what?" asked the banker, perplexed.

"A hyphen connecting two parts of a very pretty puzzle."

Dunlap stared curiously at the curb.

"I can see nothing there," said he.

Sturgis handed him the magnifying glass.

"Now look again."

He pointed out a particular portion of the curb. Dunlap looked in the direction indicated.

"I see what looks like dried mud, dust particles, and a little dark spot or stain."

"Yes," said Sturgis, "that dark spot is the hyphen. There were probably others like it on the sidewalk yesterday afternoon, but they have been obliterated by the pedestrians. Here, however, are some that have remained."

As he spoke, he led Dunlap to the Exchange place entrance of the bank, and pointed out a number of similar spots on the stone steps.

"Fortunately," he said, as if speaking to himself, "fortunately the detectives entered through the front door last night so that they did not interfere with this portion of the trail."

"But what are these spots?" asked the banker.

"They are blood-stains," replied the reporter. "I have every reason to believe them to be human blood. But that question I can settle positively as soon as we are in the bank, for I have brought a powerful microscope. Let us enter now, if you like; I have seen all there is to be seen outside. By the way, do you know this key?"

He held up a large steel key of complicated structure.

"Why," exclaimed Dunlap, surprised, "that looks like the key to the Exchange place door. Where did you find it?"

"In the gutter, near the sewer opening at the corner."

"But how did it get there?" asked Dunlap, anxiously.

"Perhaps I shall be able to answer that question presently," said Sturgis.

"But what is it?"

"It is a key to the bank's safe."

"What is it for?"

"It is for the safe."

"What is it for?"

"It is for the safe."

"What is it for?"

"It is for the safe."

way. Let us enter by the Wall street side, if you please."

A couple of minutes later the outer door of the Knickerbocker bank was unlocked.

"Excuse me if I pass in first," said Sturgis, entering. "I wish to see something here."

He bent low over the tiled entrance, with the magnifying glass in his hand.

"It is too bad," he muttered to himself presently. "They have trodden all over the trail here. Ah! what is this?"

"What?" inquired Dunlap.

The reporter vouchsafed no reply to this question, but asked another.

"Is Thursday a general cleaning day at the bank?"

"Yes," answered the banker.

"Every evening, after the closing hour, the floors are swept, of course, and the desks are dusted; but Mondays and Thursdays are reserved for washing the windows, scrubbing the floors, and so forth."

"Then it is lucky that yesterday was Thursday," observed Sturgis.

"Will you please hand me the key to this gate, and that to the inner door?"

Upon entering the bank Sturgis requested his companion to seat himself on a particular chair, which he designated. He then began a critical examination of the premises. Inch by inch he scrutinized the walls, the floor, and even the ceiling; sometimes with the naked eye, sometimes through the magnifying glass. He also constantly brought into play a tape measure; and several times he called upon Dunlap for assistance, when the distances to be measured were longer than his reach.

The Wall street entrance of the Knickerbocker bank led directly into the space to which the public was admitted. This space was partitioned off, as usual, from the bookkeepers' and cashier's departments. At the farther end a door led to a reception room communicating with the president's office. This office itself opened into the cashier's department on one side, and on the other into a small room occupied by the president's secretary and typewriter, and into the vestibule of the Exchange place entrance to the bank.

On the right of the vestibule was a large room in which the bank employees kept their street clothing, and to which they could retire when they were off duty. A door from the clerks' room led into the cashier's department, while another opened into the private secretary's room.

After he had finished his inspection of the space open to the public, Sturgis, followed by Dunlap, passed into the president's reception room, and thence in turn into the other rooms, and finally into the cashier's and bookkeepers' departments.

Several times he stopped, retraced his footsteps to some particular point and then began his search anew. At times he crawled about on his hands and knees; at others he climbed upon the furniture, the better to examine some spot upon the wall. In the president's office he stopped to pick up a great number of tiny scraps of paper which lay in and around the waste basket. These he carefully placed in an envelope, which he laid upon the president's table.

On one side of the room there stood a magnificent old-fashioned carved mantelpiece. The artistic beauty of the structure did not seem to strike Sturgis, but he appeared to derive a great deal of satisfaction from an inspection of the large tiled hearth. Presently, removing his coat and his cuffs, he plunged his hand into the grimy chimney and removed a handful of soot, which he examined carefully and then threw away. He repeated the operation again and again, until at last, with evident satisfaction, he picked out a small object, which he deposited in an envelope. Then, after washing his hands in the clerks' room, he passed into the cashier's department. In a corner stood the telephone closet, the door of which was open. The receiver of the instrument was down. The reporter took it up and gazed at it long and earnestly.

Sturgis' examination of the bank must have lasted over two hours. At first Richard Dunlap looked on with a mild curiosity, in which amusement struggled with good-natured skepticism. But as time wore on the banker began to show signs of impatience, and when at last Sturgis returned to the private office and carefully deposited upon a sheet of white paper a miscellaneous assortment of tiny scraps and shreds, the banker could scarcely conceal his dissatisfaction.

"Well, Mr. Sturgis," he said, "I hope you have nearly completed your investigation; for my leisure is not so abundant that I can afford to waste it like this."

"I need one more witness at least," replied the reporter, "and I am afraid I shall have to ask you to help me obtain it."

"But," he quickly added, as he noted Dunlap's impatient gesture, "I think I can promise you that the time you are regretting has not been wasted."

The financier did not seem convinced by this assertion; but he nevertheless consented with an unwilling grace to assist the reporter to the best of his ability.

"Well, then," said Sturgis, "tell me, first of all, whether you keep firearms in the bank?"

"Yes," replied Dunlap; "the cashier has a small revolver which he keeps in his desk as a means of defense in case of a sudden attack by a bank thief."

"Have you the key to the desk?"

"Yes," replied the banker.

"Will you kindly see if the revolver you mention is in its place?"

"It ought to be," said Dunlap, picking out the key on a bunch which he took from his pocket, and walking towards the cashier's department with Sturgis at his heels.

"Yes, here it is in its accustomed place."

He handed it to the reporter, who examined it attentively.

"Exactly," said Sturgis, with satisfaction; "this is what I was looking for."

"What do you mean?" asked Dunlap.

"I mean that this is the revolver which was fired twice last night in the Knickerbocker bank. See for yourself; two of the cartridges are empty, and the weapon has not been cleaned since these shots were fired."

"But who can have fired the pistol, and at whom was it fired, and why?"

"Hold on! hold on!" exclaimed Sturgis, smiling; "one thing at a time. We shall perhaps come to that soon. For the present, if you will come back to your private office, I shall endeavor to piece together the scraps of evidence which I have been able to collect. There, sit down in your own armchair, and if you will, while I fit these bits of paper together; and in less than ten minutes I shall probably be ready to proceed with my story."

Dunlap was still nervous and impatient; but all trace of amusement and skepticism had vanished from his face, as he took the proffered armchair and watched Sturgis patiently piece together the tiny fragments of paper he had so carefully gathered. When this work was accomplished, the reporter went to the typewriter and wrote a few lines on a sheet of paper. He next proceeded to examine under the microscope the minute fragments and particles which he had collected in his search.

When he had finished this operation, he leaned back in his chair and looked up into space for what seemed to Dunlap an interminable length of time. Then at last he glanced at the banker, who could hardly contain his growing impatience.

"I am ready to go on now," said Sturgis, reaching for a sheet of paper, upon which he began to draw with ruler and pencil.

"At last!" sighed the banker.

"Yes; but my first, as the charades say, is a question."

"Another!" gasped Dunlap; "when is my turn to come?"

"Just a few more," replied Sturgis; "and then your turn will come for good."

"Well, out with your questions then, if you must," said Dunlap, seating himself resignedly in his chair.

CHAPTER X.

PIECING THE EVIDENCE.

Sturgis was still busy with his diagram. He spoke without looking up from his work.

"Who besides yourself has a key to the drawer in which this revolver is kept?"

"The cashier has one and the head bookkeeper has another."

"You mean the bookkeeper who sits at the desk at the extreme right in the bookkeepers' department?"

"Yes," replied Dunlap, "that is Mr. Arbogast's desk. Do you know him?"

"No. What did you say the gentleman's name is?" The reporter looked up and prepared to make a note of it.

"John W. Arbogast."

"A man something over 50 years of age, quite bald, with a fringe of gray hair; wears a heavy mustache and side whiskers; and had on yesterday afternoon, when you last saw him, a pepper-and-salt business suit," said Sturgis, writing down the name in his notebook.

Dunlap stared at the reporter in amazement. Sturgis smiled slightly.

"I met the gentleman yesterday afternoon," he explained.

"Oh, that accounts for it!" exclaimed the banker. "I see—but—but, then, how comes it that you did not know his name?"

"He did not tell me his name," said Sturgis, gravely, "and I did not know until just now that he was employed in the Knickerbocker bank. How long has he been with you?"

"Nearly 20 years; but only for the last five years as head bookkeeper."

"I suppose you have every confidence in his honesty?" asked the reporter, looking critically at the diagram before him.

"Of course. Such a position is not given to a man unless his record is excellent."

"And yet," observed the reporter, reflectively, "opportunity sometimes makes the thief."

"True; but the duty of a bank president is to reduce such opportunities to a minimum," said Dunlap, somewhat pompously.

"Quite so," assented Sturgis, "and this you accomplish by—"

"By having the books examined periodically," answered the banker, rubbing his hands together with calm satisfaction.

"I see," said the reporter, who had now finished his sketch. "Do the employees of the bank know when an examination of this kind is to be made?"

"They do not even know that such examinations are made. No one but the accountant and myself are in the secret; for the overhauling of the books is done entirely at night, after the bank is closed."

"Have the books been recently examined?" asked Sturgis, carelessly.

"Yes; only last week."

"Well?"

"They were found to be all right, as usual."

"May I ask by whom?"

"By Murray & Scott, the expert accountants."

"Was the examination conducted by Mr. Murray or by Mr. Scott?"

"By neither. For many years the work was done by one or the other of the members of the firm; but since their business has grown to its present proportions Messrs. Murray and Scott are no longer able to give personal attention to their customers. For the last two years they have sent us a trusted employee, Mr. Chatham—Thomas Chatham."

"Yes," said Sturgis, who was apparently wool-gathering.

A silence of several minutes followed, during which the reporter thoughtfully inspected his collection of microscopic odds and ends, while Dunlap beat the devil's tattoo upon the desk.

Presently the reporter spoke again: "Do you know a young man, about five feet eight inches tall, with fiery red hair, who affects somewhat loud clothes?"

"Why, that is Thomas Chatham. You know him, then?"

"I? No; I never heard of him before."

"Then, how on earth do you know—?"

"He has been here recently."

"Yes; I told you he had been here last week; but—"

"No; I mean he was here yesterday afternoon," interrupted the reporter.

"Not to my knowledge," said Dunlap, incredulously.

"I thought as much," Sturgis replied, quietly; "but he was here, for all that."

The banker looked perplexed.

"Now, another thing," continued Sturgis. "I notice in the bookkeepers' department an announcement to the effect that on January 2—that is to say, to-morrow—a new system of book-keeping will be adopted. Would this be such as to bring to light any irregularities that might exist in the books?"

"Yes; it involves the transfer of each bookkeeper every month to a different set of books. But I fail to see the drift of your questions."

"You will see it presently. Have you examined the safes this morning?"

"Yes; one of the first things I did, after you allowed me to move at all, was to examine the cash safe."

"Ah, yes; the cash safe. And you found its contents intact?"

"Perfectly," said the banker, triumphantly.

"But there is also a safe in the bookkeepers' department."

"It contains nothing but the books, which of course would have no value to anyone but ourselves."

"You have not examined this safe?"

"Why, no; I—"

"If you have no objection, I should like to see the interior of that safe. I suppose, of course, you know the combination of that as well as that of the cash safe?"

"Oh, yes; the combinations are changed every Saturday, and of course I am always informed of the new combination."

"Then may I examine the bookkeepers' safe?"

"I see no objection to your doing so, if you like."

Dunlap seemed surprised at the reporter's request; but he rose and proceeded to the bookkeepers' department. Sturgis followed an instant later.

[To Be Continued.]

A DANGEROUS MOMENT.

The Nerve-Shaking Ordeal Which Once Confronted a Noted Bishop.

One need not be a soldier to stand in need of courage. A clergyman may find himself confronted with as nerve-shaking an ordeal as those more generally expected by the man of war. In his retrospect of "The Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate," Bishop Whipple tells of a moment when he found it extremely necessary that his courage should not fail him:

The bishop was about to preach in one of the cathedrals, when there entered a divinity student whose brain had become deranged by overmuch study. He went forward, as if to sit with the others.

"On reaching the chancel, however," says the bishop, "he stopped, and, taking a revolver from his pocket, pointed it at me. I felt what was coming before the revolver appeared, and knowing that the young man was short-sighted, and that he would probably wait until sure of his aim, I walked with quick, long strides through the chancel, which is very deep, grateful that I had been an athlete in younger days."

"At the chancel steps I made a leap, seized the young man by the collar, and turned him sharply round with my knee at his back, while I said to the congregation: 'Will some one take charge of this man? He is insane.'"

"It all happened so quickly that no one moved till then. The poor fellow was led out and the service went on. It was found that the pistol had a hair trigger, and that all the chambers were loaded, making it a marvel that no tragedy had occurred."

Unrewarded Obedience.

"Why were you discharged from your last position?"

"It was this way. The governor said it was time to take stock, and I took all I could. Then we went back on me and threatened to have me locked up for stealing; so I left."

Tit-Bits.

Making It Easy.

"You have saved my estate," said the client, gratefully. "Now, what can I do to recompense you?"

"Well, I will make it easy for you," replied the lawyer. "You can pay me in installments. I am willing to take the estate as the first installment."

Town Topics.

Well Qualified.

Dobbs—Did you see about that baggageman who claims to have discovered a sure cure for influenza?

Bobbs—He ought to know how to check the grip.—Baltimore American.

Doubtful Imitation.

"That's imitation coffee you're drinking. Never guessed it, did you?"

"No. I thought it was tea."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sacred Only in Name.

"What's a sacred concert, pa?"

"A variety show that is allowable only on Sundays."—Town Topics.

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"LEADER" and "REPEATER" loaded with Smokeless powder and "NEW RIVAL" loaded with Black powder. Superior to all other brands for

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

(IN KENTUCKY)

Condensed Schedule in Effect May 20, 1900.

EASTBOUND.		WESTBOUND.	
No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 2.	No. 4.
Lv Louisville.....	7:45am	4:00pm	7:45pm
Ar Shelbyville.....	8:10am	5:25pm	9:05pm
Ar Nashville.....	8:40am	6:55pm	9:40pm
Ar Lexington.....	10:15am	8:40pm	10:40pm
Lv Lexington.....	10:45am	7:15pm	10:30pm
Lv Lexington.....	7:30am	4:35pm	5:15am
Ar Versailles.....	7:55am	5:05pm	5:45am
Ar La Roche.....	8:30am	5:30pm	6:20am
Ar Shelbyville.....	9:10am	6:15pm	7:00am
Ar Louisville.....	10:40am	7:45pm	7:50am

STATIONS. No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4.

Lv Louisville..... 7:45am 4:00pm 7:45pm

Ar Lexington..... 8:10am 5:25pm 9:05pm

Ar Nashville..... 8:40am 6:55pm 9:40pm

Ar Lexington..... 10:15am 8:40pm 10:40pm

Lv Lexington..... 10:45am 7:15pm 10:30pm

Lv Lexington..... 7:30am 4:35pm 5:15am

Ar Versailles..... 7:55am 5:05pm 5:45am

Ar La Roche..... 8:30am 5:30pm 6:20am

Ar Shelbyville..... 9:10am 6:15pm 7:00am

Ar Louisville..... 10:40am 7:45pm 7:50am

STATIONS. No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4.

Lv Louisville..... 7:45am 4:00pm 7:45pm

Ar Lexington..... 8:10am 5:25pm 9:05pm

Ar Nashville..... 8:40am 6:55pm 9:40pm

Ar Lexington..... 10:15am 8:40pm 10:40pm

Lv Lexington..... 10:45am 7:15pm 10:30pm

Lv Lexington..... 7:30am 4:35pm 5:15am

Ar Versailles..... 7:55am 5:05pm 5:45am

Ar La Roche..... 8:30am 5:30pm 6:20am

Ar Shelbyville..... 9:10am 6:15pm 7:00am

Ar Louisville..... 10:4